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DAYS WE CELEBRATE



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A BOOK OF
SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS
FOR THE
DAYS WE CELEBRATE
IN
THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
OF OKLAHOMA



Issued By
THE STATE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
R. H. WILSON, State Superintendent

SUPERINTENDENT'S LETTER

To the County Superintendents and Teachers:

We have not outlined so many holiday programs for the fiscal year of 1912-13 as we did for 1911-12 but we hope that the schools will be all the more enthusiastic in making the most of the days we **have** chosen to celebrate. We have thought best to combine the holidays in such a manner as to present only three programs each year. You will note that our second program in this bulletin combines Statehood Day and Thanksgiving Day on the twenty-eighth of November, Columbus and Arbor Day programs coming in October and March. In 1913-14 we celebrate Christmas, combine Washington, Lincoln and Lee programs on Washington's birthday and observe Arbor Day for a third program.

We expect to include Arbor Day in the list each year for the reason that every community should be reminded often of the opportunity to improve the physical environments of our school houses. County superintendents and teachers should give serious thought to this phase of school development and insist that Arbor Day be largely given over to the work of beautifying the school grounds. Every boy and girl should have a part in the planting of the trees and shrubbery and clubs should be organized among the pupils for the purpose of giving intelligent care and attention to the trees during the long, dry season when school is not in session. There

is no school house so humble that it may not be made more attractive through some well-directed efforts on Arbor Day.

It is expected that each county superintendent will see that every teacher in his county is supplied with a copy of this bulletin.

June 19th, 1912.

R. H. WILSON,
State Superintendent.

COLUMBUS DAY

THANKSGIVING DAY

ARBOR DAY



COLUMBUS MEMORIAL

Harris & Ewing
Washington, D. C.

COLUMBUS DAY

October Twelfth

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Christopher Columbus was born in the Republic of Genoa. The honor of his birthplace has been claimed by many villages in that Republic, and the house in which he was born cannot be now pointed out with certainty. But the best authorities agree that the children and the grown people of the world have never been mistaken when they have said: "America was discovered in 1492 by Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa."

His name, and that of his family, is always written Colombo, in the Italian papers which refer to them, for more than one hundred years before his time. In Spain it was always written Colon; in France it is written as Colomb; while in England it has always kept its Latin form, Columbus. It has frequently been said that he himself assumed this form, because Columba is the Latin word for "dove," with a fanciful feeling that, in carrying Christian light to the West, he had taken the mission of the dove. Thus, he had first found land where men thought there was ocean, and he was the messenger of the Holy Spirit to those who sat in darkness. It has also been assumed that he took the name of Christopher, "the Christ-bearer," for similar reasons. But there is no doubt that he was baptized "Christopher," and that the

family name had long been Columbo. The coincidences of name are but two more in a calendar in which poetry delights, and of which history is full.

Christopher Columbus was the oldest son of Dominico Colombo and Suzanna Fontanarossa. This name means Red-fountain. He had two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, whom we shall meet again. Diego is the Spanish way of writing the name which we call James.

It seems probable that Christopher was born in the year 1436, though some writers have said that he was older than this, and some that he was younger. The record of his birth and that of his baptism have not been found.

His father was not a rich man, but he was able to send Christopher, as a boy, to the University of Pavia, and here he studied grammar, geometry, geography and navigation, astronomy and the Latin language. But this was as a boy studies, for in his fourteenth year he left the university and entered, in hard work, on "the larger college of the world." If the date given above, of his birth, is correct, this was in the year 1450, a few years before the Turks took Constantinople, and, in their invasion of Europe, affected the daily life of everyone, young and old, who lived in the Mediterranean countries. From this time, for fifteen years, it is hard to trace along the life of Columbus. It was the life of an intelligent young seaman, going wherever there was a voyage for him. He says himself, "I passed twenty-three years on the sea. I have seen all the Levant, all the western coasts, and the North. I have seen England; I have often made the voyage from Lisbon to the Guinea coast." This he wrote

in a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella. Again he says, "I went to sea from the most tender age and have continued in a sea life to this day. Whoever gives himself up to this art wants to know the secrets of Nature here below. It is more than forty years that I have been thus engaged. Wherever any one has sailed, there I have sailed."

COLUMBUS CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

How in Heaven's name did Columbus get over,
Is a pure wonder to me, I protest—
Cabot and Raleigh, too, that well-read rover,
Frobisher, Dampier, Drake and the rest;
Bad enough all the same,
For them that after came;
But, in great Heaven's name,
How he should ever think
That, on the other brink
Of this wild waste, Terra Firma should be,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

How a man should ever hope to get thither,
E'en if he knew there was another side!
But to suppose he should come anywhither,
Sailing straight on into chaos untried,
In spite of the motion,
Across the whole ocean,
To stick to the notion,
That in some nook or bend
Of a sea without end,
He should find North and South America,
Was a pure madness, indeed, I must say.

What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,
Judged that the earth, like an orange, was round,
None of them ever said, "Come along, follow me,
Sail to the West, and the East will be found."
Many a day before
Ever they'd come ashore,
Sadder and wiser men,
They'd have turned back again;
And that he did not, and did cross the sea,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the great Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral; speak, what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day
"Sail on! sail on! and on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dead seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed, then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The word leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlight flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world: he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hand their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—*William Collins.*

THE ADMIRAL'S LAST VOYAGE.

(Columbus at Valladolid, May 25, 1506.)

I am the Christopher that knows no rest,
Urged by one thought, one faith, one hope to be,—
Christ-bearer? Aye! I bore Him to the West,
Beyond the Unknown Sea.

There was a day the cannons of the fort
Echoed the shouting and the loud acclaim,
When the long walls of Palos and the Port
Resounded with my name.

That was the day the vision of my youth
I saw acknowledged among actual things.
What says the Scripture? "He who speaks the truth
Shall gain the love of kings."

I spoke the truth; I proved it; that great Queen
I justified. She praised me. What remains?
The memory of darkness that hath been,
And bitterness, and chains.

Those lonely days—ye came not to me then.
Who so deserted, so distressed as I?
Ye sought me not, yet now, good gentlemen,
Ye come to see me die.

I found a world! As though one grasped a star,
Presumptuous to gather only pain!
Ah, well! Salute, before he sail afar,
The Admiral of Spain.

My fair new land shall yield you spice and silk,
Pearl of the sea, and treasure of the mine;
A goodly land, of honey and of milk,
Aye, and of oil and wine.

Men of my race and yours shall call it home,
Remembering me, and this shall be my fame,
That little children there in years to come
Shall reverence my name.

The waves are high before my vessels' prow;
Once more I go to seek a land unknown.
The Lord of earth and ocean grants me now
This one last voyage alone.

My bed is drifting like a bark at sea;
Look you, where yonder two white angels stand,
The land birds of the Lord, to prove to me
The shore is nigh at hand.

This world's an island. Naught we have to leave,
Who thought ourselves so rich while we did live.
Into Thy hands, O Lord!" Thou wilt receive
The spirit Thou didst give.

—*Mary Elcanor Roberts.*

COLUMBUS MEMORIAL DAY.

(United Press.)

In Washington City, June 8th, in the presence of thousands of Knights of Columbus, assembled from all parts of the United States, Mexico and Canada, a handsome \$100,000 memorial to Christopher Columbus, discoverer of America, was unveiled with ceremonies in which President Taft, members of his cabinet, congressmen, senators and other noted men participated. Secretary of State Knox presided at the unveiling and the president and cabinet members made addresses. A picturesque street parade and pageant in which the army and navy representatives and thousands of Knights of Columbus passed in review before the president, speeches by distinguished orators, fireworks and a \$10-a-plate banquet were included in the program of the day's festivities.

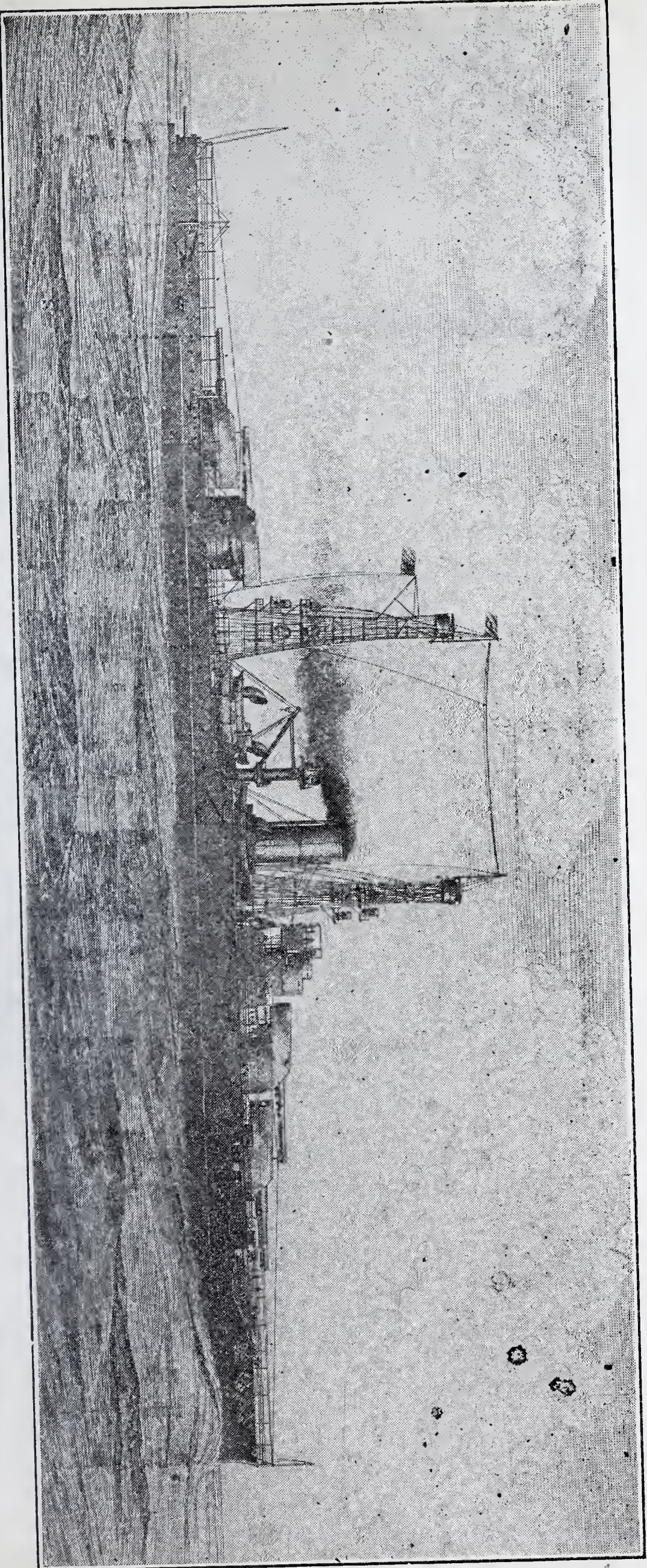
The unveiling of the memorial was the central figure of the day's celebration. The memorial itself is a handsome granite pile located on the plaza of the \$20,000,000 union station. Here, in a network of streets and parkways, within sight of the towering dome of the capitol, the imposing ceremony took place in the presence of over 50,000 people.

Legislation providing for the erection of the monument was first put forward in 1906. The memorial is in the form of an immense shaft, at the back of a fountain, surmounted by a huge globe indicative of the world, upon which is delineated the western hemisphere in relief, the corners of the globe being supported by four great eagles in stone. The figure of Columbus is seen standing on

the prow of his vessel, which projects into the fountain, while on either side of the shaft are replicas of two men, one indicative of the Old World, being an aged patriarch, while the other is a native of the New World—an Indian. The back of the shaft carries a medallion of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The figure of Columbus is in white marble and is by the sculptor, Lorado Taft, cousin of the president. The remainder of the memorial is of white marble and was designed by a Chicago firm of architects.

Before the unveiling exercises, in which the Italian ambassador, Marquis Cusani Confalonieri, pulled the string which released the massive flags around the statue, a monster parade moved from the streets in the vicinity of the White House down historic Pennsylvania avenue, past the capitol, and thence past the big reviewing stand by the memorial itself. Here the paraders were reviewed by the president, senators, congressmen and other notables.



BATTLESHIP "OKLAHOMA"

Courtesy, Oklahoma Magazine



THANKSGIVING DAY AND STATEHOOD DAY

November Twenty-Eighth

“WHERE THE WEST BEGINS.”

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where a smile dwells a little longer,
 That's where the West begins:
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where the friendship's a little truer,
 That's where the West begins:
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing—
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching—
 That's where the West begins:
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving, and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,—
 That's where the West begins.

—*Arthur Chapman.*

THE LITTLE SOD SHANTY.

The little sod shanty that stood on the plain
Has gone with the prairie dog's vanished domain;
Is one with the antelope's light-footed tread,
And pleasant-built houses have risen instead.
The biting wind strayed through the shanty's one room,
And one glassless window brought light to its gloom,
The water drip-dripped, when it happened to rain,
Through the little sod shanty that stood on the plain.

But the country bred men in those days, I am told,
To whom life meant more than a passion for gold.
They were rough, they were tough, they were some-
times profane—
But they didn't rate manhood by barter and gain,
And they stood on their feet in all hell's despite,
And they died in their boots if they thought they were
right! * *

There were women who lived in those days, I am told,
Who suffered privation and hunger and cold
Along with their husbands, because they believed
In the Dream that the next Generation Achieved.
So, though it has vanished, it rose not in vain,
The Little Sod Shanty That Stood on the Plain.

—*Kansas City Star.*

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

"A little boy had sought the pump,
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst;
Then gracefully he touched his cap—
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me!"
(This little boy has been well bred.)

Then said the Pump, "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only help the water run."
"Oh, then," the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be,)
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks;
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me;
Far up the hillside lives the Spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
"Oh, don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring with silvery accents said.

"Oh, don't thank me; for what am I
Without the dew and summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"Oh, well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."
"Pray, don't thank us; without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
 For all that you have done for me."
 "Stop!" said the Sun, with blushing face;
 "My little fellow, don't thank me;
 'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores
 I drew the draught I gave to thee."
 "O Ocean, thanks, then!" said the boy;
 It echoed back, "Not unto me—

"Not unto me; but unto Him
 Who formed the depths in which I lie;
 Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
 To Him who will thy wants supply."
 The boy took off his hat and said,
 In tones so gentle and subdued,
 "O God, I thank Thee for this gift;
 Thou art the Giver of all good."
 —*Fulton and Trueblood's Choice Readings.*

GIVE US STRONG MEN.

God, give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking;
 For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
 Their large professions and their little deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife—lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!
 —*J. G. Holland.*

LIVE A LITTLE.

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth;
Sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth;
Smile a little, while a little idleness away;
Care a little, share a little of your holiday.

Play a little, pray a little, be a little glad;
Rest a little, jest a little if a heart is sad;
Spend a little, send a little to another's door—
Give a little, live a little, love a little more!

—*Douglas Malloch.*

THANKS.

The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do
Is this: To make thankful some other heart too;
For lives that are grateful and sunny and glad
To carry their sunshine to hearts that are sad;
For children who have all they want and to spare,
Their good things with poor little children to share;
For this will bring blessings, and this is the way
To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

DE THANKSGIVIN' BLESSIN'.

Set down, Lindy! Whar's yo' manna's?

Ain't you got no raisin', chile?

Don't be re'chin' 'cross de table! 'Possum sets you chill'n
wil'!

Don't you know dis heah's Thanksgiving'?

We's a-gwineter have a pra'r

'Fo' we teches dem dar 'possums er dem taters—git back
dar!

Now ole 'oman keep dese chill'n wid dey'r haid's all
bowed down low

Whilst I offahs up de blessin' fer de fambly. Han's
down, So!

"Lawd, we don't know how to m'asure whut You does
up dar'n de sky,

But we knows in all Yo' givin' dat You nevah pass us by;
And we's grateful fer de good things You continues to dis-
pense

From de cawn-crib and de smoke-house uv Yo' lovin'
pruvidence.

Thank de Lawd fer all His blessin's, espec'illy dem dat
He ordains

Fer de niggah's faithful stummick and de hunger hit
contains;—

Sech ez red-meat watermillions, storin' up de natal juice
Uv de summer-time's bes' honey fer de hones' niggah's
use.

And we thanks You, Lawd, fer roas'n' yeahs and fer de
yaller yam,

Fer de cawn-cake in de ashes and the ham-bone in de
ham;

We remembahs You mos' kindly fer de bacon and de
beans,

And fer good pot-licker extry wid de jowl and turnip
greens.

And dey hain't no mawtal music to us niggahs heah
below
Like de gobblin' uv de gobblah and de rooster's lawdly
crow.
Fer dese blessin's and all othahs we is grateful, Lawd,
always;
But we lif's de chune up higher in de dear ole 'possum's
praise;
Ca'se we shouts in halleluiahs fer de makin' uv dis beas'
Ez de cov'nant wid de niggah in dis heah Thanksgivin'
feas'!"

Link! Whut make yo' mouf so greasy? M'randy! What
you munchin' on?
Stop, you sackerleegious varmint! Whar's dat bigges'
tater gone?
Drap it back dar, Lizy! Heah me! Dis heah ain't no
eatin' race!
Now, ole 'oman, min' dese chill'n whilst I finish sayin'
grace!

"Lawd, dey tells me dat de 'possum am de oldest critter
yit,
And we knows dat You's perzerved him for de niggah's
benefit!
And we thanks You, Lawd, fer deze two, ca'se dey wuz
so fat and hale
From de whiskers on dey'r nostrils to the col' and naked
tail!
Ca'se de 'possum's good all over, from dat tantelizin' grin
To de marrer-bones and chittlin's and de gravy in the
skin!
Den we thanks de Lawd fer givin' niggahs edjicated
tas'e,
So's 'at dey kin eat de 'possum 'd out a single drap uv
was'e

Angels, look down on dis picture! Chill'n waiting' fer a
piece,
Ever' little mouf a-drippin' wid Thanksgivin' at de feas'!
And de parents bofe a-praisin' Him from whom all
blessin's flow,—
Him dat keeps the blackes' niggah same ez dem dat's
white ez snow!
Lawd, we honors de traditions uv de niggah to de en';
Bless us whilst we takes de creases out'n our stummicks
now. Amen!"

Lawdy, mussy! Whar's dem 'possums? And dem taters—
dey's gone, too!
And de gravy done sopped out'n bofe de platters clean
ez new!
Link! M'randy! Zeke! Ole 'oman! Ef de las' one ain't
cut out!
May dyspepsy ha'nt dey's stummicks and dey'r feet swell
up with gout!
Me a-prayin' and a-praisin' to de Lawd dat nevah fail,
Dey a-stealin' at de alter, leavin' nothin' but de tail!
Leavin' misery in my in'ards, and de in'ards moanin' on
Ca'se I didn't ax de blessin' 'fo' I blowed de dinnah ho'n!
—H. L. Piner, in *The Century*.

THE BATTLESHIP OKLAHOMA.

(Courtesy of Oklahoma Magazine.)

Immediately after the Spanish-American war, 1908, Uncle Sam was awakened to the fact that his navy was not adequate to the needs for protection of his country. Our navy at that time was composed of a mere fleet of ancient ships as compared with the naval powers of Europe, and since then the government has kept pace with all the foreign powers in the building of a new navy.

Today the navy of the United States is third in naval power, with England occupying first place, while Germany is second. The new navy of Uncle Sam is represented by the most powerful fighting ships ever constructed. At the present time the U. S. Battleship Delaware is the largest fighting machine in the world, outclassing all others in speed, armor, guns, and general fighting equipment. A single broadside fire from the battleship Delaware is greater than that of the entire fleet commanded by Admiral Dewey at Manila.

To one who is not familiar with the modern naval vessel, their size, power and wonderful construction is a revelation and should prove of interest.

The modern battleship carries ten fourteen-inch guns, twenty five-inch guns, four torpedo tubes, and several guns of a smaller calibre. This type of ship is nearly six hundred feet in length and has a speed of twenty knots. Shells fired from her great fourteen-inch guns will penetrate a thirteen-inch armor at a range of eight miles, while the maximum range of these guns is over ten miles, throwing a shell weighing 1,200 pounds.

Just across the Delaware river, opposite Philadelphia, is the great plant of the New York Shipbuilding Company, at Camden, New Jersey, where, under an immense enclosure, or ways, giant mechanical cranes are swinging into place great ribs of steel which will slowly shape themselves to the skeleton form of a vessel that when completed will be Uncle Sam's most powerful addition to his Navy. At the time of her launching the ship will be christened "Oklahoma."

The battleship "Oklahoma" will have a displacement of 27,500 tons. The length of this monster war vessel will be 583 feet; her beam, or width, 95 feet and her depth 45 feet, 4½ inches. Her main battery will consist of ten fourteen-inch guns and four torpedo tubes; the secondary battery will be composed of twenty-one five-inch rapid-firing guns and several smaller guns for saluting and other purposes.

Around the great ship will be placed an armor belt of steel 13½ inches thick to protect her from penetration of an enemy's shell. With all her great weights, the "Oklahoma" will be the fastest battleship in the world—her speed will be 20½ knots an hour.

THE SILVER SERVICE.

When completed the battleship Oklahoma will be the most formidable fighting machine in the world. It is of interest to every loyal Oklahoman that the battleship which is to bear her name be presented with a handsome silver service, such as is the custom of the state in whose honor a naval vessel has been named.

This service is to be of an exclusive design and bear-

ing the emblem of the great state of Oklahoma. Designs will be submitted by the most prominent silversmiths in this country and the best accepted by a competent jury, composed of a body to be selected by the Battleship Oklahoma Society.

It is desired to have the silver service presented as a gift from the school children of Oklahoma. This idea has met with the approval of Governor Cruce, and Mr. R. H. Wilson, State Superintendent of Schools.

The success of this undertaking can be greatly assisted by the co-operation of the county superintendents, principals and teachers throughout the state.

A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR.

To the School Children of Oklahoma:

The Oklahoma Magazine has undertaken the very commendable work of securing, by public subscription, a fund sufficient to purchase a Silver Service to be presented to the battleship "Oklahoma."

It is a firmly fixed custom for the state, for which the battleship has been christened, to make a gift of the Silver Service.

Different methods have been employed by the various states for procuring this fund; in some states direct appropriation has been made by the Legislatures; in others, public-spirited citizens have voluntarily made subscriptions; in Oklahoma, the plan contemplated is for the school children, by small contributions, to purchase this service.



It has been ascertained that a small contribution by each child will be entirely sufficient to purchase as handsome a service as has been given by any other state; and such purchase will certainly be a convincing proof of the high mark of patriotism possessed by the children of this young commonwealth.

A love of country and a sense of obligation to government and a higher sense of their duties to society, when these children have come to maturity.

There is no need for any appeal to be made by any one for the school children of this state to respond to this opportunity; all that is necessary is for their attention to be called to the fact that the opportunity exists, and their patriotism will prompt them to do the rest.

(Signed) LEE CRUCE,

Oklahoma City, March 16th, 1912.

Governor.

WHAT FIVE CENTS FROM EACH CHILD WILL DO.

It is hoped to raise sufficient funds to purchase a magnificent silver service set and a splendid tablet by contributions from the school children of Oklahoma and a humble "nickle" from each of the pupils will be sufficient.

For the purpose of guarding this fund of small contributions from the school children, there is now being organized "The Battleship Oklahoma Society." The organization has for its President, Charles F. Colcord of Oklahoma City; Governor Lee Cruce will act as Hon-

orary Treasurer; Lee Hamilton Keller, of "The Oklahoma Magazine" will act as Secretary and the City State Bank of Oklahoma City will be the depository for the funds.

Every boy and girl who contributes to this fund will have his, or her, name on the roll of honor which will appear in future issues of The Oklahoma Magazine.

It is hoped that every pupil will respond to this call and that the raising of this fund will give the school children of Oklahoma a distinctive mark of patriotic spirit

The successful carrying out of this plan will set a precedent. Never before has the silver service, presented to a warship by the people of the state whose name the vessel carries, been a gift exclusively from the school children of a state.

From time to time The Oklahoma Magazine will show the progress of the battleship's construction and several new and striking features of interest will be developed.

All letters on this subject should be sent to Lee Hamilton Keller, Secretary, 203 State National Bank Building, Oklahoma City.

THE BRONZE TABLET.

In addition to the silver service set which the Governor mentions in his letter to the school children of Oklahoma it is expected that there shall be sufficient funds to purchase also an elaborate bronze tablet which shall bear the emblem of the state; this tablet to be placed on the forward turret of the vessel between her great four-

teen-inch guns. It is suggested that the design for this tablet be made a subject for competition among America's foremost sculptors and that the selection be made by a jury of artists of national fame.

A LETTER FROM R. H. WILSON, PRESIDENT OF
THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

**To the Superintendents, Principals and Teachers of
Oklahoma:**

"The Oklahoma Magazine" has undertaken to raise funds to secure a Silver Service for the battleship "Oklahoma," to be presented when the ship is launched. I believe this to be a very commendable undertaking on their part and one that will appeal to every citizen of our great commonwealth. The plan which they have adopted seems to me a very unique one; that is, permitting the school children of the state who are so disposed to make a small contribution for this purpose. I understand it is a custom which has been followed by all of the states, to furnish a Silver Service to the battleships named in their honor. This has been done in various ways, but in this new state of ours it seems to me that the plan of giving the school children an opportunity to contribute to this purpose is a good one and I sincerely hope that you will give it your approval. I shall have something more definite to say about the details of the plans later.

I feel that it is not necessary to dwell on the question of patriotism or duty, but all that is necessary is

simply to give the school children of this state an opportunity to make this contribution. Your co-operation will be appreciated.

R. H. WILSON,

March 19th, 1912.

State Superintendent.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

It was a cold December morning when the Pilgrim fathers gathered around the rock at Plymouth. There, with the ice and snow piled up against the water line, they knelt upon the ground and thanked God for having brought them safely to the end of their voyage. Perhaps this may be called their first Thanksgiving Day.

Then came the long, cold and dreary winter, when the men were kept very busy cutting timber and carrying logs to build their houses.

There were two rows of these and one common house, a sort of hospital or house for the sick, at the head of the street.

Oh, how they needed that! At one time there were only six or seven well persons in the whole company.

Yet we are told they cared for each other most tenderly, for, as one of them said, "It is not with us as with men whom small things disturb and cause us to wish ourselves home again."

But on the thirteenth of March they heard the birds singing; on the twenty-ninth they planted their corn and sowed their grain. The summer sunshine ripened it and in October the harvest was abundant.

Why, they had a peck of meal apiece!

The forests were full of game; fish and clams were very plenty; in the woods grapes and plums and berries grew; and so the Governor appointed their second Thanksgiving Day.

This time they all went to church to thank God for having made the sun to shine, the rain to fall, the corn to grow, and for having cast their lines in such pleasant places.

Many of the friendly Indians came to Plymouth to enjoy Thanksgiving with them.

And so, with high hopes and good hearts, they faced their second winter.

The history of New England had really begun, and for more than three hundred years Thanksgiving Day has been one of New England's greatest festivals.

“And we, today, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to own again
The blessings of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain;
To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of Autumn, filled and running o'er
With fruit, and flower, and golden corn!”

—*Red Letter Days, The Morse Company.*

A CRANK'S THANKSGIVING.

Like others, I'm grateful for plenty to eat; I'm fond of a plateful of rich turkey meat. For pies in the cupboard and coal in the bin; for tires that are rubbered and motors that spin; for all of my treasures, for all that I earn, for comforts and pleasures, my thanks I return. I'm glad that the nation is greasy and rich, acquiring high station with nary a hitch; her barns are a-bursting with mountains of grain, her people are thirsting for glory and gain. She'll ne'er backward linger, this land of our dads, for she is a dinger at nailing the scads. I'm glad that our vessels bring cargoes across, while counting-rooms wrestle with profit and loss; that men know the beauties of figures and dates and tariffs and duties and railway rebates.

I'm glad there are dreamers not industry-drunk, surrounded by schemers whose god is the plunk. I'm glad we've remaining incompetent jays not always a-strain-a-straining, in four hundred ways, to run down and collar one big rouble more to add to the dollar they nailed just before. I'm glad there are writers more proud of their creeds than board of trade fighters of options and deeds. I'm glad there are preachers who tell of a shore, where wealth-weary people need scheme never more.

For books that were written by masters of thought; for harps that were smitten with Homeric swat; for canvases painted by monarchs of art; for all things untainted by tricks of the mart; for hearts that

are kindly, with virtue and peace, and not seeking blindly a hoard to increase; for those who are grieving o'er life's sordid plan, for souls still believing in heaven and man; for homes that are lowly, with love at the board; for things that are holy, I thank thee, O Lord!

—*From The Outlook.*



Hardwood Forest in the Kiamichi Mountains

Courtesy of
Oklahoma Magazine



ARBOR DAY

March Fourteenth

HISTORY OF ARBOR DAY.

The old Swiss chronicle relates that away back in the fifth century the people of a little Swiss village by the name of Brugg determined to secure a forest of oak trees on the common. More than a dozen sacks of acorns were sown and after the work was done each participant received a wheaten roll as a reward for his labors. For some reason unexplained the acorns refused to grow. The people, however, were determined to have an oak grove, so a day was appointed and the entire community, men, women and children, marched to the woods, where each very cheerfully dug up a sapling and transported it to the common, where a competent gardener superintended its planting. At the close of the tree planting each boy and girl was presented with a roll and in the evening the grown people had a merry feast and frolic in the town hall. The saplings were well watered and cared for by details of citizens under direction of the gardener, the work being voluntarily done, but every one was expected to do his share. In the course of years a fine grove was the result, which furnished a place of shade, rest and recreation for the citizens and their descendants. For years the anniversary of this tree planting was observed by the people of this town with appro-

priate exercises, among them being a parade of the children carrying oak leaves and branches, at the close of which rolls and other eatables were distributed in commemoration of the event. It is said a similar feast still exists in this and other villages of Switzerland.

The rapid destruction of the forests in our country called attention of students of forestry to the dangers which confronted us and brought forth numerous publications on the subject of forest preservation. It devolved, however, upon "Treeless Nebraska" to institute systematic tree planting on a given day through the organized efforts of schools and citizens. The Hon. J. Sterling Morton is generally credited with originating the idea.

HISTORIC TREES.

I—CHARTER OAK.

In history we often see
The record of a noted tree.
We'll now some history pages turn
And note what trees we there discern:
And foremost of this famous band
We think the Charter Oak should stand.
We love to read the story o'er,
How Andrus came from England's shore
As governor in this new land,
And ruled it with a tyrant's hand;
How, when he came to Hartford town
Demanding with a haughty frown
The charter of the people's rights,
All suddenly out went the lights;
And, ere again they re-appeared,
The charter to their hearts endeared
Lay safely in this hollow tree,
Guard of the people's liberty.
All honor, then to Wadsworth's name,
Who gave the Charter Oak its fame.

II—LIBERTY ELM.

Another very famous tree
Was called the Elm of Liberty.
Beneath its shade the patriots bold
For tyranny their hatred told.
Upon its branches high and free
Were often hung in effigy
Such persons as the patriots thought
Opposed the freedom which they sought.
In war time, oft beneath this tree
The people prayed for victory;

DAYS WE CELEBRATE

And when at last the old tree fell
There sadly rang each Boston bell.

III—WASHINGTON ELM.

In Cambridge there is standing yet
A tree we never should forget;
For here, equipped with sword and gun,
There stood our honored Washington,
When of the little patriot band
For freedom's cause he took command.
Despite its age—three hundred years—
Its lofty head it still uprears;
Its mighty arms extending wide,
It stands our country's boasted pride.

IV—BURGOYNE'S ELM.

When, in spite of pride, pomp and boast,
Burgoyne surrendered with his host,
And then was brought to Albany
A prisoner of war to be,
In gratitude for his defeat,
That day, upon the city street,
An elm was planted, which they say
Still stands in memory of that day.

V—THE TREATY ELM.

Within the Quaker City's realm,
There stood the famous Treaty Elm.
Here, with its sheltering boughs above,
Good William Penn, in peace and love,
The Indians met, and there agreed
Upon that treaty which we read
Was never broken, though no oath
Was taken—justice guiding both.
A monument now marks the ground
Where once this honored tree was found.

TREE FROM NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

Within a city of the dead,
Near Bunker Hill, just at the head
Of Cotton Mather's grave, there stands
A Weeping Willow which fond hands
Brought from Napoleon's grave, they say,
In St. Helena, far away.

VII—THE CARY TREE.

I'll tell you of a sycamore,
And how two poets' names it bore;
Upon Ohio's soil it stands,
'Twas placed there by the childish hands
Of sister poets, and is known
As Alice and Phoebe Cary's own.
One day, when little girls, they found
A sapling lying on the ground;
They planted it with tenderest care
Beside this pleasant highway, where
It grew and thrived and lived to be
To all around, the Cary tree.

VIII—HAMILTON TREES.

In New York City proudly stand
Thirteen monarchs, lofty, grand,
Their branches tow'ring toward the sun
Are monuments of Hamilton,
Who planted them in pride that we
Had won our cause and liberty—
A tribute, history relates,
To the original thirteen states.

IX—RECITATION FOR SCHOOL.

We reverence these famous trees.
What better monuments than these?

How fitting on each Arbor Day
That we a grateful tribute pay
To poet, statesman, author, friend,
To one whose deeds our hearts commend,
As lovingly we plant a tree
Held sacred to his memory;
A fresh memorial, as each year
New life and buds and leaves appear—
A living monumental tree.
True type of immortality.

—*Ada Simpson Shrew.*

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!
And dribble! drip and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then—
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was' most afeared
To wake up—when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
The first bluebird of spring!—
Mother she'd raised the winder some
And in across the orchard come,
Soft as angel's wing,
A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,
Too sweet for anything!

The winter's shroud was rent apart—
The sun burst forth in glee,
And when that bluebird sung, my heart
Hopped out o' bed with me!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

FACTS ABOUT THE VALUE AND USES OF FORESTS.

A toothpick is a little thing, yet it is reported that one factory uses 10,000 cords of wood annually in the production of these splints of wood.

Shoe pegs are small affairs; yet a single factory sends to Europe annually, 40,000 bushels of pegs, besides what it sells in this country.

A spool is of small account when the thread is wound off; yet several factories use each from 1,800 to 3,500 cords of wood every year in making these articles. Thousands of acres of birch trees have been bought at one time by thread manufacturers, for the sole purpose of securing a supply of spools.

Who thinks much of the little friction match, as he uses it, to light the lamp or fire, and then throws it away? But one factory, it is said, makes 60,000,000 of these little articles every day, and use for this purpose 12,000 square feet of the best pine lumber.

Forests affect the climate of a country; influence the rain of a country; build up a wall and protect the crops; they keep the air pure. The leaf-mold in the forest holds back the rains. We draw \$700,000,000 worth of products every year from the trees. No other crop equals this in value.

About 60 per cent. of all our railroad ties are made of white oak; nearly 20 per cent. are of pine. Since every mile of railway needs about twenty-five hundred ties, and there are over two hundred thousand miles

of such roads in our country, it takes millions of acres of timber to supply a single set of ties. Such a set has to be replaced about every seven years. Thus it is that the railways rank among the greatest consumers of wood in the country.

Our telegraph and telephone poles are made largely of hemlock and cedar. The price paid for such timber varies, from two to ten dollars per pole.

Flour barrels are made largely from elm. Barrels for liquids are made from a fine grade of white oak; also ash and elm.

Our furniture is made from walnut, ash, oak, maple, and other hard woods.

White oak and hickory are used in the manufacture of wagon and buggy wheels. Soft woods, as poplar, aspen, spruce, pine and basswood, are used in the manufacture of paper such as is used in newspapers, notebooks, etc.

Three-fourths of our lumber is made from soft woods, such as white pine, spruce, hemlock and redwood.

The woodwork of machinery is made from hard lumber, which constitutes about one-fourth of our lumber output. It comes principally from the wide region east of the Mississippi, between the northern and southern soft wood belts.

The great pineries of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, supply our white pine, the most useful timber in the north temperate zone, because it is in greatest demand for building purposes.

The bark of the hemlock tree is used in the tanning of leather.

Corks are made from the bark of the cork oak, which grows only in the Mediterranean countries and Portugal.

ARBOR DAY GEMS.

"The best verses I have produced are the trees I have planted."
—*Holmes.*

"While I live, I trust I shall have my trees, my peaceful idyllic landscapes, my free country-life—and while I possess so much, I shall own 100,000 shares in the Bank of Contentment."
—*Ruskin.*

"Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant: Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be."
—*Lucy Larcom.*

"I can think of no more pleasant way of being remembered than by planting of a tree. Birds will rest in it and fly thence with messages of good cheer. It will be growing while we are sleeping, and will survive us to make others happier."
—*Lowell.*

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: Here is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee."
—*Longfellow.*

There isn't a blossom under our feet
But has some teaching, short and sweet,
That is richly worth the knowing;
And the roughest hedge, and the sharpest thorn,
Is blest with a power to guard or warn,
If we but heed its showing.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

Consider the lilies, how they grow, they toil not,
neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not
arrayed like one of these.

—*Bible.*

Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story.

—*Wordsworth.*

To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to
plant seeds and watch their renewal of life—this is the
commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory
thing one can do.

—*Warner.*

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

—*Robert Browning.*

THEIR OWN NAMES.

I knew a charming little girl,
Who'd say, "Oh, see that flower!"
Whenever in the garden
Or woods she spent an hour.
And sometimes she would listen,
And say, "O, hear that bird!"
Whenever in the forest
Its clear sweet note she heard.

But then I knew another—
Much wiser, don't you think?—
Who never called the bird "a bird,"
But said the "bobolink,"
Or "oriole," or "robin,"
Or "wren" as it might be;
She called them by their first names
So intimate was she.

And in the woods or gardens,
She never picked "a flower."
But "anemones," "hepaticas,"
Or "crocus," by the hour.
Both little girls loved birds and flowers,
But one love was the best;
I need not point the moral,
I'm sure you see the rest.

But would it not be very queer,
If when, perhaps, you came,
Your parents had not thought worth while
To give you any name?
I think you would be quite upset,
And feel your brain a-whirl,
If you were not "Matilda Ann,"
But just "a little girl."

—*The Independent.*

TWO TREES.

A little tree, short but self-satisfied,
Glanced toward the ground, then tossed its head and
cried:

"Behold how tall I am! how far the dusty earth!"
And boasting thus, it swayed in scornful mirth.

The tallest pine in the forest raised
Its head toward heaven, and sighed the while it gazed:
"Alas, how small I am and the great skies how far!
What years of space 'twixt me and yonder star!"

MORAL.

Our height depends on what we measure by:
If up from earth or downward from the sky.

—*Elizabeth R. Finley, in St. Nicholas.*

THE WINTER SUIT.

It weighs a ton, this suit of mine,
And yet I thought that it was fine!
I wonder now how I could miss
To buy a suit as thick as this!
My breath comes hard, I sneeze and cough,
And yet I dare not take it off!
It's hot, it's cold! The weather's cruel!
And I perspire like any mule!
O gentle spring, withhold thy toot
'Till I can get a summer suit!

—*April Lippincott's.*

GRAN'PA'S ARBOR DAY.

My gran'pa says when he went to school,
 'Way back in old New York,
They didn't have much time to fool—
 'Twas work and work and work.
They rose at dawn and trudged three miles,
 Their lunch in a small tin pail;
They tackled their books with happy smiles,
 And they knew no word like fail.

He says the schoolhouse was old and red,
 The schoolmaster old and gray,
And the rain leaked through the roof o'erhead
 On any real rainy day;
While often a robin, or jay, or wren
 Came flying in through the door,
Or a squirrel skipped in, tame as a hen,
 To pick the crumbs from the floor.

Gran'pa, he never once heard, not he,
 Of Arbor and Bird day there;
The woods were so close you could hardly see
 The little old school, for fair,
And the birds were thick from spring to snow,
 And the jays hung 'round all year;
So Arbor day, he'd have us know,
 Would 'a' been most awful queer.

And we kids feel same as gran'pa,
 Though quite in another way,
And sometimes we talk it over with ma
 Near the time we have Arbor day:
It would 'a' been crazy to fix a date—
 Stupid and daffy and queer—
When we know that back in that eastern state
 They had Arbor day all year.

—Selected.

DO APPLE SEEDS POINT UP OR DOWN?

When teacher called the apple class, they gathered round
to see

What question deep in apple lore their task that day
might be.

“Now tell me,” said the teacher, to little Polly Brown,
“Do apple seeds grow pointing up, or are they pointing
down?”

Poor Polly didn't know, for she had never thought to
look

(And that's the kind of question you can't find in a
book.)—

And of the whole big Apple class not one small pupil
knew

If apple seeds point up or down! But then, my dear,
do you?

—*Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.*

THEN AND NOW.

I remember, I remember

The Fir trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.

It was a childish ignorance;

But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—*Hood.*

THE SCHOOLHOUSE YARD.

The schoolhouse yard was so big and bare,
No pleasant shadow, no leafy trees;
There was room enough, and some to spare,
To plant as many as ever you pleased.

So first we set there a little pine,
For the wind to play its tunes upon,
And a paper birch, so white and fine,
For us children to write our secrets on.

Then two little elms to build an arch
Right over the gate when they grow up tall,
And a maple, for they bloom in March,
And have scarlet leaves in the early fall.

A cedar tree for its pleasant smell,
A mountain ash for its berries bright,
A beech for its shade and nuts as well,
And a locust tree for its blossoms white.

At last we planted an acorn small,
To grow in its time a sturdy oak;
And somehow it seemed to us children all
That this was the funniest little joke.

For sweet Miss Mary, smiling, said,
"The other trees are your very own;
But the little oak we plant, instead,
For your grandchildren, and them alone."

Oh, how we laughed, just to think that when
Our acorn grows to an oak tree fair,
We shall be grandpas and grandmas then,
With wrinkled faces and silver hair!

I wonder now if the little folk
That come, in the days that are to be,
To frolic under the future oak
Will be as merry and glad as we.

And if they will plant their elm and beech
As we do, just in the selfsame way,
And sing their chorus and speak their speech
And have such fun upon Arbor Day!

—E. H. Thomas.

I'D LIKE TO GO.

'It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound
And I'd have stillness all around—
"Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low whispering, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tingled tones.
"Or maybe the cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

"If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest,
I like the country lots the best.

'Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust
And get out where the sky is blue—
And, say, now, how does it seem to you?"

—Selected, Attributed to Eugene Field.

PLANTING TREES.

The best method of tree planting is described in the following circular, prepared by the Forestry Division of the United States Department of Agriculture:

“Planting is best done by two or three persons. A, who manipulates the tree, is the planter, and is responsible for the results; B and C do the spading, under his direction. A places the tree in a hole, to ascertain whether this is the proper size; a board or stick laid across the hole aids in judging the depth. Trees should not be set deeper than they stood before, except in loose, poor soil. More trees are killed by too deep planting than the reverse. If the root system is developed side-wise but not centrally, as is often the case, a hill is raised in the hole to fill out the hollow space in the root system, and the earth of the hill is patted down with the spade.

“When the hole is in proper order, A holds the tree perpendicularly in the middle of the hole, with the side bearing the fullest branches toward the south or southwest, for better protection of the shaft against the sun. B and C spread the roots into a natural position, and then fill in the soil, using the good surface soil first—small spadefuls deliberately thrown over the roots in all directions—while A, by a slight shaking and pumping up and down of the stem, aids the earth in settling around the rootlets. A close contact of the soil with the rootlets is the secret of success in planting. Only fine, mellow soil, not too moist and free from stones, will permit such close adjustment to the rootlets, which should also be aided by hand and fingers filling in every crevice. A, while setting the tree, must exercise care to keep it in

proper position and perpendicular, until the soil is packed so as to keep the tree in place. Then B and C rapidly fill the hole, A treading down the soil firmly after a sufficient quantity is filled in, finishing off a little above the general level to allow for settling, and finally placing stones or any mulching around the stem.

“Do not use water while planting unless it is very carefully applied with a ‘rose’ after the soil is well filled in and packed around the fibrous roots. It is not uncommon to see water poured into the hole while it is being filled up. This practice does harm rather than good, for it washes the fine soil away from close contact with the roots, leaving empty spaces between the roots, or even leaving, as the water dries and the earth hardens, the little rootlets in the midst of hollows like the insides of pipe-stems. In such a case they cannot touch the earth which gives them nutriment, and they die. More trees are killed by too much water in transplanting than by too little. Water after the transplanting is useful, and should be applied during the hot season, the late afternoon or evening being chosen for its application.”

SOME DONT'S.

Don't think a tree is a mere stick of timber; a tree is a living organism.

Don't forget that the treatment of this organism is an expert profession. **Therefore,**

Don't let every Tom, Dick and Harry treat your trees.

Don't think that a butcher, because he is an expert at carving meat, is therefore qualified to perform a surgical operation on your body. **Also,**

Don't think, because a man is expert at cutting wood, that he is therefore qualified to perform the surgical operation of pruning a tree.

Don't forget that a Tussock Moth Caterpillar is a voracious little beast and that it directs its ravages against an almost unlimited variety of trees and shrubs.

Don't forget to thoroughly clear your tree of the Tussock egg-masses before hatching time. Then destroy these egg-masses by fire. Having thus cleared your tree, band the trunk with Tree Tanglefoot. This will make that particular tree secure against the Tussock Caterpillar.

Don't forget if your tree is an Elm, that it is susceptible to the Elm Leaf Beetle.

Don't forget to look for the larvae of this beetle in the crevices of the bark and upon the ground. These larvae are yellowish looking things. Sweep them up and burn them.

Don't forget that the Borer is another deadly enemy of the trees and that a **single borer often causes the death of a young tree.**

Don't forget to look on the ground about the base of your trees. If you see saw-dust there, it is an evidence that the Borer (one or more of him) is getting in his destructive work on your tree.

Don't forget to start an immediate search for this villain. When you find a small hole in the bark, that is an entrance to the Borer's tunnel. Insert a long wire with a hook end and yank him out. His name will then be Dennis.

Don't forget that other rogue, the Scale, so small by himself as to be scarcely visible. But he never is by himself; not he. There are millions of him. He works in troops of thousands and then he is visible enough. You can tell his presence by the "scaly" surface of the bark—from which circumstance he gets his name. There are several varieties of him—all bad.

Don't forget that he works havoc and even death to the trees. The insect army of tree destroyers has a corps of "sappers and miners." The Borer is a miner; this fellow (the Scale) is a sapper. He inserts his legion tubes through the bark into the cambium layer of cells and from these cells sucks out the sap, the very life blood of the tree. A sort of Vampire, you see. Spare him not.

Don't forget to get right after him. Such contact poisons as whale oil soap, kerosene emulsion, etc., etc., will finish Mr. Scale's career. For seasons when and

methods how to apply these, consult the bulletins or inquire of this office. In many cases trimming—but it must be judicious trimming—will enable the tree to overcome this enemy. The cuttings should be burned so that other trees and plants may not become infested by the crawling young.

—*From the "Report of the Shade Tree Commission" of Newark, N. J.*

VANISHING WILD FLOWERS.

Each returning spring brings us fewer and fewer wild flowers, and it often occurs now that a certain kind of flower is entirely absent from a place where a few years ago it was abundant. Unless some concerted action is taken, unless a campaign of education is undertaken, the wild flowers of the woods and waysides are doomed to extinction. This would be almost as great a calamity of the country, and injustice to coming generations, as would be the extermination of our wild birds.

These early wild flowers, these first emblems of resurrection, these impulsive responses of returning spring, these frail little bits of new life, are one of the strong but unconsidered influences that keep men in touch with the spiritual side of nature.

Shall commercialism and unthinking childhood be permitted to destroy this plan of Nature in the uplift of man?

—*From "Nature and Culture."*

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure,—
But the least motion which they made
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air,
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What Man has made of Man?

—*William Wordsworth.*

NATURE'S GREETING TO THE BIRDS.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

NATURE.

Come, all ye birds from hill and dale,
We'll have a party gay;
Come, Birdies, sing your sweetest songs
On Nature's holiday.

Come, Robin, Bluebird, Thrush and all,
Come, sing your merry lay,
For Nature's keeping carnival
On this, our Arbor Day.

BIRDS (entering and forming in semi-circle back of Nature),

Dear Mother Nature, we now come,
The Blackbird and the Blue,
With Robin, Oriole and Wren,
And many others, too.

We now salute you, our best friend,
Salute you once again;
Our praises for your loving care
We'll sing in glad refrain.

NATURE.

Your praise is very sweet, dear Birds,
And all the summer long
I hope to hear your voices raised
In melody and song.

BIRDS.

In brightening this dear old world,
We'll strive to do our part:

We'll banish sadness with our song,
And cheer the lonely heart.

We birds are very little folks,
And busy workers, too;
With pleasure we perform the tasks
You've given us to do.

—From *"The Days We Celebrate,"* by Marie Irish.

THE PLANTING OF THE TREE.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

In soil the dearest and the best
On which the sun can shine,
We plant thee, tree, in hope today,
O, let our cause be thine!
Strike deep thy roots, wax wide and tall,
That all this truth may know,
Thou art our type of future power,
Like thee, we too shall grow.

REFRAIN.

Like thee, we too shall grow,
Like thee, we too shall grow,
Thou art our type of future power,
Like thee, we too shall grow,

In coming years thy kindly shade
The sons of toil shall bless;
Thy beauty and thy grace shall all
With grateful voice confess;
And so our youth in wisdom trained
Shall render service great,
Our schools send sons and daughters for
The glory of the state.

